

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM
OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD
ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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"THE FIELD AFAR HAS BEGUN TO PURIFY THE RUINS OF THIS PAGAN TEMPLE."

—From a letter of Fr. Jarreau, Kwang Tung, China.

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll:: OSSINING P.O.

NEW YORK

Issued every month

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Advertising space is limited and rates will be furnished on application.

This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.

It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York, by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

* *

OUR LAND-SALE RECORDS:

Sept.-Dec., 1912.....	670,000 feet.
January, 1913.....	68,255 "
February.....	65,942 "
March.....	67,452 "
April.....	36,419 "
May.....	35,045 "
June.....	48,115 "
July.....	54,333 "
August.....	31,079 "
September.....	28,742 "
October.....	28,635 "
Total to Nov. 1.....	1,134,017 "
ON THE MARKET.....	3,315,983 "

* *

HIS Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has placed in our hands the sum of one thousand dollars. The interest on this principal will be at the disposal of our eminent benefactor, for special needs, during his life.

Two priests on the Pacific Slope have made a similar arrangement. While we solicited none of these gifts, we are much pleased to receive them and feel that they will be suggestive to other friends.

OVER in China Protestants find that native converts who seem sincere in their desire to Christianize the new Republic, realize keenly the need of a united Church.

Many Protestant missionaries have for several years past urged concerted action of the sects and have even agreed to bury their differences *while occupied with the heathen*. Yet to-day Protestant Chinese number less than 200,000, while Catholics amount to more than 1,400,000, with a steady increase of 100,000 yearly.

Some of our best converts have come from Protestant ranks, attracted by the marks of the Church, above all by her unity and by the sacrifices of her self-exiled apostles.

Others will follow as they learn the story of the Mother and her wandering children.

God and Souls.

SINCE starting this work for God and souls, we have been trying to reach every community of Sisters in the country, but we have been short-handed and have succeeded in knocking at all their doors only lately.

We did this through the United States postal service and the result has been—not too bad.

Now we must follow up the first effort, and you can help us. When we get the interest of a consecrated woman, we secure a strong influence with God and with His children.

Few American nuns know much of the Church's foreign mission work, because, as in our seminaries and novitiates for men, training along this line has been overlooked,—with home needs pressing hard.

You who know us, know some zealous nun in whose hands you can place a copy of THE FIELD AFAR or one of our books. Why not give her a subscription outright, or a copy of one of our new books?

WE have not heard of any Holy Name Societies in the foreign mission field, and we are under the impression that the convert from heathenism does not use profanity.

In any event, even if he did and we happened to be listening, we could not swear to the fact that he was breaking the golden rule of the Holy Name Society.

There is, however, a relationship between the Catholic converts in heathen lands and every "Holy Name member."

Many men join the Holy Name Society, not because they are inclined to use profane words, but for love of the NAME that is above all other names.

Such men ought to be especially interested in any movement that tends to spread knowledge of and love for Jesus the Christ.

One has loomed up on our horizon recently. His weekly salary is not considerable but his heart is Catholic and at his expense we are sending to Holy Name branches here and there throughout the country, six hundred copies of THE FIELD AFAR every month.

May the seed bear fruit as the outcome of such charity!

* *

THE flourishing Society of the Divine Word has brought from Europe to its branch at Techny, Illinois, the splendid spirit of enterprise that characterizes it abroad. Lately, in reading over the Almanac which it issues, we noted an excellent idea,—the offer of prizes for answers to these three direct questions on the subject of interest in foreign missions.

1. Why must a Catholic show a lively interest in heathen missions?

2. Why has the work for heathen missions been lacking up to this time among Catholics of the United States?

3. How may the indifference of our Catholics in the United States toward heathen missions be soonest and most thoroughly remedied?

We have an idea that some good answers to these questions, especially the last two, will not

be published. Wasn't it Mr. Dooley, or his chum, who, seeking information about the game of golf, asked what the caddies call the players, and received the reply, "It wouldn't be fit to print"?

Elsewhere, in our turn, we offer our readers a suggestion on this subject. See page IV.

* * *

WE are naturally anxious to make our work known in seminaries and novitiates. It is not that we expect to capture and draw into our camp young students for the priesthood, already in the making, but because we know that if these young men imbibe the missionary spirit now, they will be more valuable instruments in God's hands when they enter on their priestly career, wherever it may be.

We are always ready to address seminarians and novices, and we would go a long distance to do so, for we believe it would be well worth while.

At present quite a few of these training-houses are yet in ignorance of our existence. We had a somewhat interesting example of this fact last summer, when a student from a well-known seminary in northern New York called at Maryknoll, in company with a neighboring priest.

He was a 'nice little fellow.' He shook the Superior's hand as if the latter were his long-lost uncle and then he began to observe his surroundings.

He had found the Superior at his desk in THE FIELD AFAR office down at St. Teresa's Lodge, a pretty busy-looking place, with the Teresians, all in gray, at work.

The guests soon started over to the Seminary, and on the way, the youthful seminarist ventured to ask if he was visiting an orphan asylum.

He was told with a smile that the place was a Home for the Feeble-Minded, and in his innocence he took the words without the smile and made up his mind accordingly.



Murillo.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways.—Luke I. 76.

As the group approached the Seminary, one of our own students was just emerging from an examination, and looked it.

About this time it became evident that the visiting seminarist expected some kind of attack, and we hastened to relieve him by telling him the true purpose of Maryknoll.

But, seriously, what can we do to reach seminaries and novitiates?

We shall be glad to get some advice on this subject, but we remind our priest-readers that magazines even such as ours may not get into the hands of students; also that there are occasionally other difficulties.

* * *

Owners and Donors.

OUR land-appeal was a Providential thought. We have repeated it, in the form of a circular letter, for those among our readers whose names are not yet registered at Maryknoll as 'owners and donors.' This will be the final invitation of its kind.

New subscribers, however, will have an opportunity to 'invest and divest' as they become interested enough to do so.

From a Personal Letter of Cardinal Gibbons.

I wish to say that there is not in the United States a missionary work more deserving of aid, nor any that promises to be productive of larger results. The Seminary is being established under instructions from the Archbishops of the country, and under authority from the Holy See, and is intended to be the great outlet of the whole American Church, through which to pour out its energies and life blood for the conversion of pagans, who number over one thousand million human beings, more than two-thirds of the human race. To so great an object, therefore, I trust you will see your way towards being as generous as possible, and I would also call your attention to the fact that what you give to this institution at the present time, when it is in its incipency, will be of doubly more value to it than later on when not in so struggling a condition. * * *

Faithfully yours in Xto.,

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

* * *

Monsignor Shahan and Our Seminary.

IT was with unusual gratification that we received these gracious words of tribute and encouragement from the popular and learned rector of our national Catholic University:

This most holy work is of the very essence of the Catholic religion, and I trust that you may eventually be able to enroll as annual subscribers a great multitude of the faithful, in whom the missionary spirit is always strong, but who can satisfy it in no other way than by holding up the hands of those who toil without ceasing for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in distant lands.

Those broad and inviting regions are to-day no less promising than were Gaul and Spain when Christ sent forth His Apostles to rouse them from the torpor of spiritual death into which they had fallen.

God bless you and your helpers, and in particular the young Levites who have bravely put themselves at your disposition for the great harvest now widening on all sides.

[Monsignor Shahan enclosed in the above letter a generous remittance.]

Announcements.



O you remember the prayer prints we issued from Hawthorne? There were a hundred thousand of them and they were scattered to the four winds of heaven, but they were not lost.

We have just received some new ones, even more attractive than the former lot.

There are sixteen subjects and we will send the set to any address for five cents. Or you may have one hundred for twenty-five cents.

This lot is not so large and will not last so long as did that previously issued. So send now, without delay, if you wish to lay in a stock.

Our prints can be used in prayer books, as inserts in your letters, or as gifts to children, large and small.

Has the Month of the Souls suggested the idea of making one or more of your own a MEMORIAL ASSOCIATE in this work for God and souls? See page 15.

"Stories from The Field Afar."

WE have been gathering the stories prepared for this paper at various times and are arranging to bring them out in book form for Christmas.

They will be illustrated, prettily bound, well printed on excellent paper and although this is a first edition, we are going to sell it for fifty cents a copy postpaid. Send your order now and it will be among the first to be filled.

You may enclose stamps, if you wish, as we shall need a few to send your book.

* *

New Edition of "A Modern Martyr."

CONVINCED by the experience of many young men and women, that the life and letters of Blessed Theophane Vénard have

already aroused in this country a goodly number of vocations to the priesthood and the religious life, we make the following announcement.

The book, *A Modern Martyr*, which narrates, largely from his own letters, the life of Theophane Vénard, will shortly be published by our Bureau for *fifty cents postpaid*, instead of one dollar, as formerly.

NOTE THESE FACTS.

¶ Six thousand copies of this charming and edifying life are now in circulation. These were printed from the first plates.

¶ We are setting aside these plates and an entirely new edition is in press, which, with the announcement of the death of Canon Vénard, the martyr's brother, will make the volume complete.

¶ The new book will have a few more pages than the earlier editions, and will be equally well printed, attractively bound and interestingly illustrated.

¶ It is promised for December 1, in good time for the Christmas sales, and orders received now will be attended to without fail.

¶ All orders should be sent to our office and stamps will be quite acceptable. A remittance of fifty cents, if not sent in stamps, should come by post-office order. If two books are requested, a dollar bill may be enclosed in an envelope. Larger amounts should be registered or transmitted by check or money order.

¶ What we most desire is to get the book in circulation, and to this end we need your patronage. The low price is possible only through a large edition. Our direct profit will be small, but we confidently anticipate gratifying results that mean more to us than the marginal profit from the sale of a book. Address:

Catholic Foreign Mission Society, Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., N. Y.

December spells Christmas.

DO you realize that in a few weeks you will be puzzling your brain about gifts?

We can't help you much on this point except by saying that as far as *we* are concerned, the present of a few stamps, or a post-office order, or a check, or a dollar bill, will look quite as good as, if not better than, anything else.

But we *can* help you as far as *you* are concerned. We can offer you the advantage of making gifts that will please and edify, and at the same time help to spread the greatest of all ideas—the evangelization of this world.

We suggest, then, that in making up your list of presents you include:

Our new edition of *A Modern Martyr* (Life of Blessed Theophane Vénard). 50 cts. postpaid, to any address.

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs. In cloth, 40 cts. postpaid. In leather, 75 cts. postpaid.

Stories from The Field Afar. 50 cts. postpaid.

An American Missionary (The Story of Fr. Judge, S. J., in Alaska). 50 cts., postage 12 cts.

A statue of Blessed Vénard. In bronze or old ivory finish, \$3.00, plus express charges.

A subscription to THE FIELD AFAR. 50 cts., Ordinary, \$1.00, Associate.

* *

How Not to Send Your Money.

There is no need of going to the expense of registering a letter for a solitary subscription. If you do not wish to run the chance of sending a dollar-bill or a dollar's worth of stamps by the ordinary mail, ask at the post-office for a money order. This, made out for one dollar, will cost only three cents. It will not inconvenience us. On the contrary, it will keep us from regretting that we should have occasioned unnecessary expense to a good friend.

Echoes from the Far East.

BY this time our readers are well acquainted with Sr. Mary Angeline, a former FIELD AFAR secretary, whom they know as one of the few American nuns in China. They have followed her and her companions from Montreal to Canton, and they have perhaps shared some of our own eagerness to know whether she has been chosen for work in the leper island entrusted to the care of these Canadian Missionary Sisters.

Sr. Mary Angeline answers the question in a recent letter to one of our secretaries. She writes:

My Divine Spouse has not yet granted me this privilege. I was the first to visit the island and its people, with our Mother, but that was all.

My time is spent mostly among the children and sometimes among the sick. The sick and the poor! what do these words mean in China! Little, helpless children suffer so much that it is a miracle that they can live; old women and even those in the bloom of youth give up to despair through very misery. Please pray for them and for us, you who have the honor of "rocking America's Missionary Cradle."

I can understand now why missionaries are so happy, despite all hardships. They have no time to waste on themselves. All is given up to the service of God in caring for those He has confided to them.

In October we chronicled the fact that recent disturbances in Canton had forced the little band of Canadian Sisters, including Sr. Mary Angeline, to take refuge, with their orphan children, in Hong-Kong.

Although conditions are yet unsettled, we learn that the Sisters and their little charges have returned to Canton. The excellent photograph that appears on this page will save us from making a word-picture of that event.

Some interesting details of the return are thus given by Sr. Mary Angeline:

We had hoped that only a few days would be required to establish peace in Canton, but we were absent three weeks.

We had pinned medals of St. Joseph on all our doors and windows, making him guardian of our deserted home. When we came back, we found the place quite as we had left it, except for a hole in the garden wall. The stores and houses on every side had been mercilessly looted but the mission remained untouched, despite the fact that the rebels had taken refuge in our kitchen. Their arms and uniforms were discovered by the soldiers of General Lung, yet nothing was injured by either party.

Our school has opened and the Sisters for the leper island have arrived, but as yet we do not know what the future has in store.

* *

Where God is, there is peace.

ONE of our Shanghai correspondents, an English Sister, thus describes the effects of the uprising in that city:

You know, of course, all about the war in China. We have not had so serious a time as the Sisters at Canton, who were obliged to leave their mission, yet for a few days matters looked at least doubtful. One night we had a rain of bullets and shells, but they all passed over us.

About three hundred refugees came to the convent. Fortunately, it was holiday time and so we found room to lodge them. They slept on benches, desks, platforms and floors. Every available place was full, and swarming with babies.



THE RETURN FROM EXILE.
(Canadian Sisters and their charges, leaving Hong-Kong for home.)

In the streets leading from the Chinese City to the Concessions, misery reigned. It was truly a heart-rending sight to watch the poor wretches crowding into the Settlement. They carried with them whatever they could save of their household possessions, for it was reported that the city was to be bombarded and utterly destroyed by fire.

The rickshaw bearers and wheelbarrow coolies made a fortune, I think. They charged most exorbitant prices and were not idle a second. The result was that the poor people had to struggle as best they could with their bundles. Old men, sick women and small children tottered under boxes that they could scarcely lift. One extraordinary thing, to a Western eye, was their total absence of agitation. They did not even talk, but just plodded along in a stolid sort of unhappiness, like sheep driven to the shambles.

Well, it is over now, as far as Shanghai is concerned. Business is going on again, the refugees have returned to their homes and peace reigns. But the case is far from being the same in the interior.

It seems unquestionable that the Japanese are mixed up largely, though unofficially, with the rebellion. Of course, if China is divided, she will be an easier prey for Japan. On the whole, the outlook for years to come seems a very stormy one for the Celestial Empire.

* *

BISHOP LANDI writes encouraging news from his vicariate in China. He says:

There has been a great religious awakening in one of our districts. In two years, more than 15,000 people have sought instruction. Fr. Sylvestri, who is evangelizing the district, is finding it difficult to provide each of his principal Christian settlements with a school and catechist.

This zealous missionary is a photographer and has taken many beautiful pictures with the photographic machine which was given to him last year. If some good soul would help him to support a catechist, he would be glad to send him interesting photographs of Chinese life.

I wish you great success in your apostolic work. May the American Seminary have the prosperity that the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary has had! Every year of my life, in January, I will celebrate a Mass for its welfare, and I promise a daily memento for the same intention.

* *

Notice our special rates for several subscriptions to the same address. See page 11.

KOREA AND JAPAN.



LITTLE KOREANS PREPARING DINNER.
(Where too many cooks don't spoil the broth.)

BISHOP DEMANGE, in the new diocese of Taikou, Korea, is trying to secure some burses for the education of native Korean priests. Living is cheaper in the Far East than in America and seven hundred dollars will establish such a foundation in perpetuity, providing for the Church many zealous apostles in successive generations.

* *

REFERRING to the new diocese of Niigata, in Japan, one of our missionaries writes:

As you already know, the religious of the Divine Word, from Steyl, Holland, have charge of the whole western coast. Their mission has become an apostolic prefecture and the prefect, a saintly man, seems determined to push ahead. He has started a hospital, placing his confidence in the treasures of Divine Providence, and one of his Fathers is planning to found a school for catechists. He himself has gone to Kyushu, to see if among the Catholics there he may find some recruits for his future seminary. He has in mind to publish a philosophic-religious paper in Japanese and has already given some interesting articles in local contemporaries.

You see there is plenty of work to do and there will yet remain something for future apostles.

AFRICA.

AT Nsambya, in the middle of 'darkest Africa,' a meeting of the Superiors of the various missions in the province has just been held. Bishop Biermans writes of it:

We were hard at work for four days, from morning till night. There seemed

to be no end to the questions that needed settling, and of course the real solution to most of them was "more men and more money." I can assure you that at present both my head and my pockets are empty.

I am just recovering from a touch of fever. One of our priests has been laid up with it for a fortnight, and Mother Kevin had a temperature of 104° a few days ago. Thank God, all of us are getting better. There are many cases of fever here just now, as usually happens after the rainy season.

Three young Sisters of the Mill Hill Abbey have arrived and are already busy with the native children. Two of our missionaries are leaving for Europe. One of them has been in the country eleven years and the other, fourteen years, without a holiday. You can understand that they need one badly.

* *

OUR readers are already acquainted with the *Rogans*. There are five of them and they are all either missionaries or missionaries-to-be.

Fr. "Pat" wrote to us recently from Mombasa, British East Africa, and we decided to publish his letter—even at the risk of losing our reputation. We could not think of bottling such wit and keeping it on one of our shelves. It might spoil with age.

I have been quite quiet for quite a long time but "silence is golden" and so is my opinion of your Maryknoll Seminary and everything connected with it—land-slips, cow-slips, pigs, piglets, farm, students, pumps, secretaries, auxiliaries, plates, dishes, dental chairs, etc.

I notice you've discontinued in *THE FIELD AFAR* your list of "things we haven't got,"* but surely you are not satisfied yet. No, no, man, sit down and think. There is certainly something you didn't get. What about an aeroplane for transplanting missionaries from Maryknoll in America to some other Knoll in Africa? It would save a lot in boat-passage and they couldn't eat so much on the journey. But then, if you tried to think of something else, you might get brain-fever.

I really must congratulate you on the wonderful progress you have made. Like many another curious *FIELD AFAR* reader, I have often wondered what those famous land-slips were. But I was too canny to inquire, lest I should be presented with a few. One thing is certain—you are not going to let people "give you the slip," for after

* We refer Father Rogan to page 14. [Ed.]

squeezing as much as you can out of them during their lives, you calmly inform them on their death-beds, when they are making their wills, that your "legal title is—"

Well, I admire your pluck anyhow, and I feel as though I'd like to help you. At present that is impossible, for the only "bit of jewelry" I have about me is a set of artificial teeth. These I might bequeath to "your legal title," provided you retain the dental chair. Besides, melted down, they would come in handy for making Roman-collar studs for some poor missionary.

But, joking aside, I must say that I am grateful to God for the zeal with which He has inflamed the hearts of American Catholics. You must have a heart as light as a lunatic's head, seeing the way they are supplying the wants of their first Foreign Mission Seminary.

Personally, I have been experiencing a very "dry season" as far as gifts and donations are concerned, but since there is a continued stream of charity flowing towards Maryknoll, what matter! It's all for the good of the foreign missions anyhow.

I recently addressed an appeal to the "Peters" and "Pats" of Ireland. Whether the "Peters" and "Pats" were away on a holiday or had emigrated to America, I don't know, but from the result of my appeal there doesn't seem to be a single "Pat" (or a married one for the matter of that) left in Ireland. The only "Pat" who answered my appeal was an Englishman named "George," and he merely *promised* to help me if a certain prayer was granted. That's three months ago and you can take it from me that his prayer hasn't been granted yet. I am now thinking of calling upon the "Marys" and "Bridgets" (suffragettes excluded).

If Fr. McCabe is not saying office, please tell him I send him my love. It's all I can afford at present.

* *

FR. DUNNE has just finished a missionary journey through the fruitful *Bukedi* country of British East Africa. He writes:

I have not seen all of our district by any means; in the five weeks that I was out, I could get through only a very small corner of it. But conditions observed in the parts nearer to us and more under our influence are painfully suggestive of the state of those regions farther away, which are seldom visited by a priest and so practically unknown to us.

Happy is the missionary who lives in the central station of *Ngola* and is not called to journey to the surrounding field. He sees success on every side—buildings rising rapidly, catechumens multiply-

ing and filling the place with the noise of their boisterous sports, and an abundant harvest growing up to feed these promising youths. Yet such a missionary, if such there could be, would be living in a fools' paradise, taking complacency in this one mission and not realizing that much of the country round about is being lost to him and falling under the influence of Protestantism.

The heathen out here make no intellectual effort to discern the true religion. In their minds there is no difference between us and the Protestants as far as religion is concerned, and the fact that both alike teach reading and writing means more to the raw natives than do matters relating to their immortal souls. Hence they will form and change their religion for the lightest and most futile reasons, and they will in most cases go to study in the nearest place, be it Catholic or Protestant. Since both religions are the same to them, why should they walk half an hour longer to reach a Catholic catechumenate when they can get into a Protestant one near at hand?

You see we do not deal with enlightened people as did the Apostles in the days of the early Church. The natives who approach us are generally not led by a desire to hear what our religion has to teach. In most cases they come because they are curious to see a European and because they want to ask him for a cent or a cigarette.

And yet we must build churches and secure catechists, not a few years hence, but now. It is these present years that will, humanly speaking, settle everything, for if we can get the heathen children now, we shall have Catholic families later on. We must do our level best to make this a Catholic country.

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY.

Our new edition of *AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY, the story of Fr. William Judge, S. J., in Alaska*, has 300 pages, 20 illustrations, and a map of Alaska. It is printed in large, clear type on excellent paper, and is strongly bound in an attractive shade of linen stamped in white.

As the main purpose of all our publications is not direct revenue but the spread of a missionary spirit among American Catholics, we sell Fr. Judge's life at the lowest possible price, fifty cents, postage twelve cents extra.

You should not keep such a book out of your home.

Send sixty-two cents in stamps, then, and you will receive this splendid life, of which the *Baltimore Sun* has said:

As we read how this priest moved in the service of God and man, we know that the highest purpose of biographical literature has been attained. The book will be an inspiration to all who read it.

[An American Missionary has recently been translated into German. We will gladly procure a copy for any of our readers.]

LAND FOR SALE.

☐ Maryknoll embraces ninety-three acres.

☐ We reckon the cost at about one cent a square foot.

☐ Already friends, by filling land-slips (each of which represents one hundred square feet), have paid for a good share of our property.

☐ Send for a Land-Slip.

Address: C. F. M. S. OF AMERICA,
Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York.



MAKING THE ROUNDS IN UGANDA.
(A Mill Hill priest visiting his scattered flock.)

Little Mary Knoll.

WHAT do you think of her, reader dear?

Isn't she *fetching*? We would say 'perfectly lovely,' but we never indulge.

Besides, *fetching* suggests the idea that we wish to present, for you know we are not writing this story of Mary Knoll just to improve our health, or because time is hanging heavy on our hands.

Mary Knoll was born in Catonsville, Md. This is not far from Baltimore, and besides being the birthplace of little Mary Knoll, it is also the seat of St. Charles College, where our very good friends, the Sulpician Fathers, prepare young men to become priests.

Mary Knoll seems to have had only one mother and no father, so far as we can make out. As for the good of the Cause we are allowed to publish the name of this distinguished parent, we announce it—

Frances E. Oliver.

The age of little Mary may be determined from her photograph, for which she stood only a few weeks ago.



MARY-KNOLL. "That's me."

But the point of our story is this.

Little Mary is going to leave

her mother and the latter is quite content to let her pass into strange hands. Do you want her?

Already she is quite accomplished. She walks with grace, rolls her eyes dreamily and expresses on her countenance various emotions. She is not 'up' in music to any considerable extent but—and here we pause to let this idea sink into the minds of our readers—she is 'up' on chances, and will go to some fortunate mortal before December 25th, 1913. Will it be you?

Mary Knoll requires no feeding. She is filled for a lifetime with very fine board. She is out of long clothes and is in her first short dress (like her namesake, adds the observant mother). We are assured that her dress is white, her cap has blue ribbons, her shoes are blue, and she stands twenty-five inches in her 'shoesy-woosies,' whatever those are.

This is our end of the interesting story, or better, the story of the interesting little Mary Knoll.

Those of our readers who wish to continue it, are encouraged to write to the mother, whose only address is Catonsville, Md. But before they start doing so, we wish to tell them that in reality this young mother is making a considerable sacrifice in parting with little Mary Knoll. She hopes, as a reward, to fatten a purse for Mary's namesake, which, as our readers have guessed, is no other than our own Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America.

So get busy with pen and paper, you who love dolls, and write to Miss Frances Oliver, Catonsville, Md., for the special information which she alone can give. She will put you in possession of her secret and you will find in her, as we have found, a good friend.

We shall print the concluding chapter of this story in our January, 1914, issue.

A FOREIGN MISSION BURSE—to share in such may be one of your privileges. To contribute to the formation of a priest who later will remember you at the altar, is indeed a privilege which a devout Catholic would give much to possess.

Each of our Burses, or foundations, will provide for the education, not only of one priest, but of many in successive generations.

Every Burse represents \$5,000—which will be carefully invested so as to draw a yearly interest sufficient for this splendid purpose.

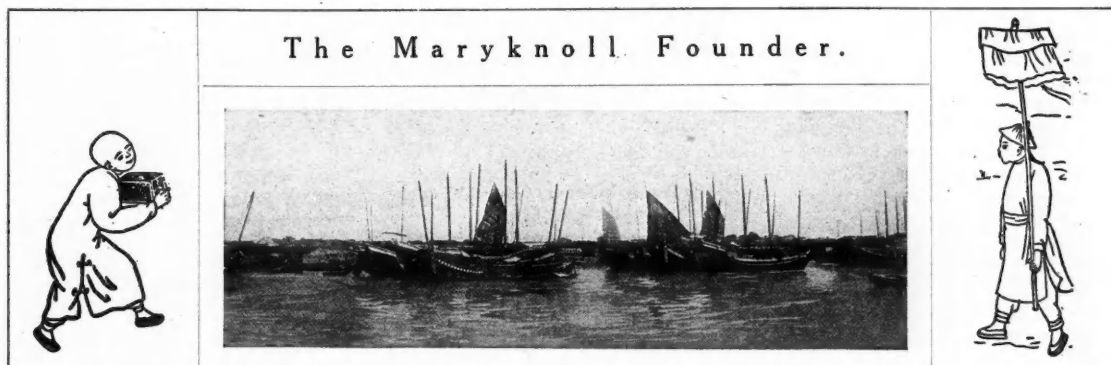
A CATHOLIC layman who is making a tour of the world, has sent to the *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, some noteworthy observations on the mission work of the Church. He writes:

God has now been pleased to throw open the gates so long closed, and Christianity is completely tolerated throughout both the Chinese Empire and Japan.

The harvest is enormous. Including China, India, Japan, and Africa, there cannot be fewer than eight hundred millions of people. The Bishop of Ningpo has 75,000 Christians among 40,000,000 souls, and this, throughout the East, is somewhat of a rough proportion. We ought to have one hundred times more funds and one hundred times more missionaries.

Most economical are our methods of working, and as a lay witness I declare that they are remarkably successful. The machinery has to be made co-extensive with the generosity of Europe and North America, as well as with the needs of the heathen. Would to God that every Catholic could see how much it would benefit himself to join in one of the greatest works of charity the world has ever known—the propagation of the faith.

It has occurred to me that as almost everything about missions is written by missionaries, a layman who has opportunities for observation may be permitted, in a few jottings, written *en voyage*, to accentuate three facts, viz., (a) that Catholic missions are well worked and managed; (b) that opportunities unknown to former ages are now within our grasp—"the gates are thrown wide open"; (c) that we are bound, each and every one of us, to save our souls by saving others, and that, each individual helping, we can co-operate so as to increase enormously the extent and efficiency of Catholic missions.



The Maryknoll Founder.

For God so loved the world, as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, may not perish, but may have life everlasting. John III. 16.



The Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary
Maryknoll :: Ossining P. O., New York
Candidates for the Priesthood

This Seminary is the training house for students aspiring to membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

The Society will be made up of secular priests banded to spread the Gospel among heathen peoples in remote lands.

Each of its members will hold himself in readiness to go to whatever mission he may be assigned.

Provision will be made as far as possible to supply every missionary with a companion, either a priest or an auxiliary brother.

Members will have free disposition of their own patrimony, since they are not bound by a vow of poverty. There will be, however, no guaranteed income from the Society, further than what is necessary to keep a missionary in good health.

Those who become incapacitated through age or infirmity will be cared for by the Society. They will be buried at the expense of the Society, which will also provide many Masses for their souls.

Conditions for Entrance

I. To the Vénard Apostolic School at Scranton, Pa.

[This is a preparatory college for students who have not yet finished their classics.]

- a.) A special inclination to foreign missions in preference to home missions.
- b.) Recommendation from a priest.
- c.) Good health.
- d.) A sufficient foundation to begin classical studies. (A boy should be at least in his fifteenth year.)
- e.) Payment of the annual rate for board and tuition, or of a fixed proportion of the same, according to the circumstances of the aspirant.

II. To the Seminary at Maryknoll.

a.) The candidate must be prepared to begin the study of Philosophy in Latin and of the New Testament in Greek. He should have a satisfactory foundation in English language and literature, a knowledge of Mathematics and of other subjects that make up the curriculum of a college course in this country. Of the modern languages, French or German will be most desirable.

b.) Board and tuition will be supplied gratis by the Society. The student, however, must pro-

vide for his own traveling expenses, clothing, books, medicine, etc.

c.) The full course at Maryknoll will include two years of Philosophy and four years of Theology.

Auxiliaries of St. Michael.

The Society will admit to membership laymen who, either in the field or at home, will contribute to the general result by prayer and by the care of temporal affairs.

Conditions for Admission.

- a.) Recommendation from a priest.
- b.) Good health.
- c.) A sincere purpose to cooperate in the conversion of the heathen and to serve the Society loyally.
- d.) Indifference to the kind of labor or duty assigned by Superiors.

Once formally received into full membership, auxiliaries will be assured of continued support, in sickness or in health, as long as they remain faithful.

They will have the free disposition of goods which belong to them by legal right.

The Teresians of Maryknoll.

The Society depends largely for its maintenance and development on the income secured directly or indirectly through THE

FIELD AFAR, its monthly mission magazine.

The publication and distribution of this and other mission literature require a considerable force of clerical helpers, and the Teresians of Maryknoll, composed as they are of women who have been educated in classical or business colleges, have taken up this as their special share in the work. Plans are in preparation to extend this propaganda.

With this group are several other young women who are occupied with the household duties, cooking, cleaning, sewing, laundry work, etc.

The conditions for admission are practically the same as those given above for the auxiliaries of St. Michael. Further information will be given if desired.

Any young apostle who can secure twelve subscribers for The Field Afar should write to Fr. Ignatius for a list book and start this good work without delay.

All Souls Burse.

UP to November 1st, we had recorded in our All Souls Burse gatherings to the amount of \$844.91.

We haven't said much about this burse during the year, and perhaps we have been remiss in our duty to the suffering souls.

To make up for our neglect, we resolved, October 1st, to give one per cent of the month's receipts for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory, and on November 1st, we sent to some missionary bishops in the Far East, \$45.16 for Masses to be offered for this purpose.

And now we are depending on you to increase the figures of the All Souls Burse.

This will benefit the souls. It will also, we believe, benefit you, through the intercession of those who, though unable to plead for themselves, can help you and us.

WE remind those of our readers who are kindly considering the idea of adding to our burse fund, that each burse has its special number of shares.

Two burses call for shares of a thousand dollars each, namely:

The Burse in honor of Mary, Queen of Apostles,

The Burse in honor of St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.

Four call for shares of five hundred dollars each, namely:

The Burse in honor of St. Michael the Archangel,

The Burse in honor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles,

The Burse in honor of St. Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles,

The Burse in honor of St. John the evangelist.

Five call for shares of one hundred dollars each, namely:

The Burse in honor of St. Stephen, Martyr,

The Burse in honor of St. Lawrence, Martyr,

The Burse in honor of St. Patrick, Apostle,

The Burse in honor of St. Boniface, Apostle,

The Burse in honor of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle.

Two call for shares of fifty dollars each, namely:

The Burse in honor of the Holy Ghost,

The Burse in honor of Blessed Theophane Vénard, Martyr.

Smaller gifts may be applied to the **All Saints Burse**, the **All Souls Burse**, the **St. John Baptist Burse**, the **St. Anthony Burse**, the **St. Francis of Assisi Burse**, or the **Burse in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel**.

The **Burse of the Holy Child Jesus** is intended more especially for the contributions of children, who, by paying one cent a week for twenty-five weeks, become Associate Founders and secure a share in all the prayers and good works of the Society. Cards are supplied to those who wish to be enrolled in this burse.

A share in any burse may be made

up of contributions from several persons or may be given by one person at different times.

WE have been asked to open a *Little Flower of Jesus Burse*, and even if we were disposed to wait before doing so, we could hardly refuse this request, since it comes from a very zealous young worker who, herself, seems to have caught some of the fragrance of the Little Flower.

But some of our readers may be wondering to what or to whom the title, "Little Flower of Jesus," refers. Before making any further announcement, therefore, we wish to say that it belongs to a young Carmelite nun who seems to have lived a very nearly perfect life covering the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

There have been modern martyrs and saints who were not martyrs. Among the former was our own Blessed Theophane Vénard, and among his ardent clients was Teresa Martin, the saintly Carmelite of Lisieux, in France, who one of these days will doubtless be placed on the Church's altars. We recommend to our readers the beautiful story of her life. We will procure a copy for any who find it difficult to get one through the ordinary channels.

We warn our friends, however, not to read the book unless they can afford, when it is finished, to send us a dollar for the new burse, as we are sure the temptation to do so will be unusually strong.

And now we open this burse. Some day—how soon?—it will have five thousand dollars to its credit, and the interest of this will support one of our students at the Vénard Apostolic School.

Think of us when you are framing that will. Our corporate title is THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

We do not look for a large benefaction but for a remembrance at least. However small, it will be helpful in itself and in the encouragement of others to do likewise.



ANOTHER of Fr. Fraser's 'boys' appears on this page and he will, we believe, make quite as big a 'hit' with our readers as did his two little friends whose pictures were seen in a previous issue.

Fr. Fraser writes:

Here is a boy who not long ago was adoring idols; now he is a frequent communicant. Only recently he had not even an idea of God; and now he is a regular little theologian.

I have baptized several children and about fifty adults during the past few months. I ask a prayer that God may grant these converts the grace of perseverance and make them strong and fervent Christians.

FATHER ⁺⁺JAMES writes a letter to our boys and girls from India. He is trying to build a school for pariah children—little ones who are looked down upon by the higher class people of their country and will have a hard time getting along in the world unless the good missionary finds a way to teach them how to earn a living. He writes:

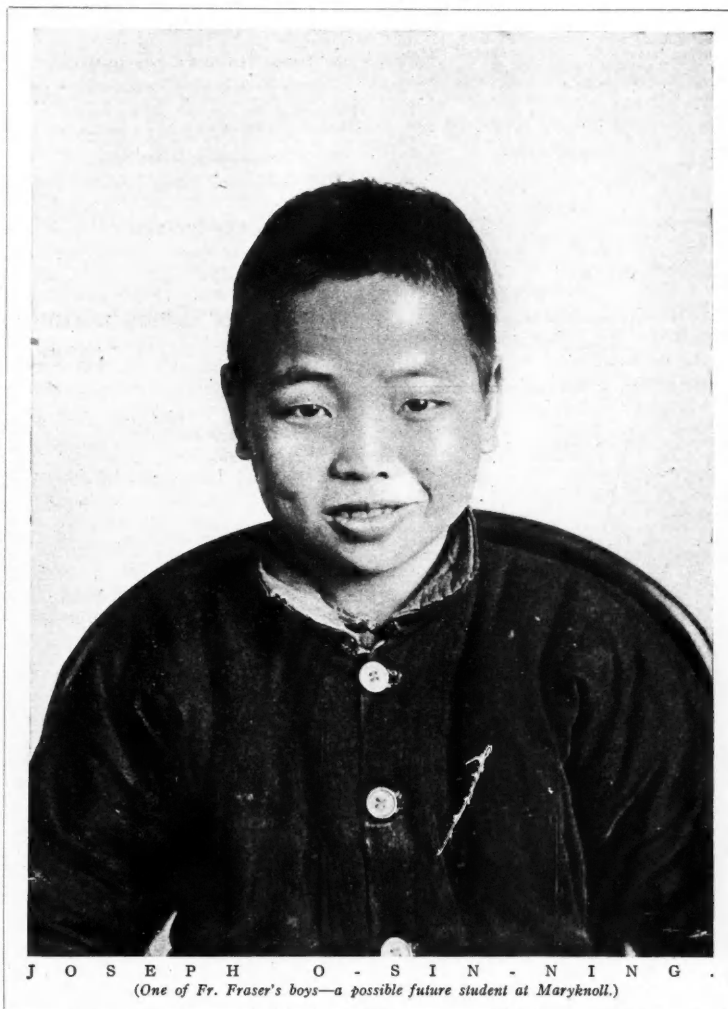
All the little pariah children want to go to school and if they can't come to me, they will go to Protestant institutions, for which, to a great extent, we have America to thank. So I have started a school. But now I have the problem of keeping it. I have already a hundred and fifty pupils and six teachers to care for, and I want room for more.

I am sure you know how important it is for boys to go to school. I know, too, because I was once a little boy myself, and even if, as they tell me, I have grown into a great big man, I have not forgotten. If I had never been to school, I could not possibly have learned enough geography to find my way right across the big ocean to India; and I could not possibly have been able to answer all the questions that the Indians ask me about God. Is it any wonder, then, that I am anxious to give my poor pariah boys a chance to learn all that they want to learn?

Take more than a passing look at little Mary Knoll. She may yet loom large on our horizon. See page 8.

Recent Gifts.

From Rev. Didace Arcaud, **Chefoo, China**: 2 Dolls in Chinese Costume.
Sister Catherine Buschman, **Pekin, China**: Lace Corporal, Chop Sticks.
Holy Ghost Hospital, **Cambridge, Mass.**: Box of Pictures.
Sisters of Notre Dame, **So. Boston, Mass.**: Box of Books.
S. P. F., **New York City**: Cabinet, Cream Pitcher, Sugar Bowl, Dishes, Curios.
J. E., **Tarrytown, N. Y.**: Strawberry and Raspberry Plants.
Mrs. C., **Centreville, Mass.**: Rug.
E. McM., **So. Boston, Mass.**: Books.
Anon., **Baltimore, Md.**: Books.
S. Q., **Ossining, N. Y.**: 30 Tumblers of Jelly.



J O S E P H O - S I N - N I N G .
(One of Fr. Fraser's boys—a possible future student at Maryknoll.)



EVERY day brings its message of cheer to our office on the hills of Maryknoll. The list that follows reveals a growing and widespread interest in our work that is most gratifying.

Less than Two Dollars.

E. J. M., Somerville, Mass.; C. V. O., Brookline, Mass.; E. P. D., E. Greenwich, R. I.; J. H. F., Phila., Pa.; F. O. B., Pawtucket, R. I.; M. J. M., Boston, Mass.; through A. O. D., Scranton, Pa.; Rev. Friend; Anon.; Sr.—, Deering, Me.; Mrs. B., Jersey City, N. J.; E. R., San Francisco, Cal.; J. M., Greenwich, Conn.; M. O. C., Newburyport, Mass.; H. W., Brighton, Mass.; through Sr.—, Emmitsburg, Md.; S. B. W., Washington, N. J.; C. M. D., Lynn, Mass.; West Newton, Mass.; J. M. K., Wakefield, Mass.; C. M. W., Wakefield, Mass.; L. F. D., Dorchester, Mass.; K. B., Phila., Pa.; T. C. D., E. Lynn, Mass.; E. A. M., Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. J. W., Indianapolis, Ind.; F. J. O'H., Boston, Mass.; F. S., Babylon, N. Y.; M. R., Danvers, Mass.; A. M., Victoria, Tex.; Rev. Friend, Mass.; C. M. D., New York City; C. M., Brunswick, Me.; M. T. F., Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. J. M., Morristown, N. J.; Mrs. C. R., Sharon, Mass.; Rev. Friend, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. K., New York City; C. G., Conn.; L. M., Cambridge, Mass.; L. M., Middleboro, Mass.; W. M., Boston, Mass.; J. L., N. Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. J. J. H., Westfield, Mass.; A. D., Avon, Mass.; Anon., Wisconsin; M. J. K., Providence, R. I.; H. T., Somerville, Mass.; M. F. G., Keene Valley, N. Y.; W. H. N., Providence, R. I.; M. J., Montclairville, Que. M. A. McS., Pasadena, Cal.; J. O'N., Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. F. J., Camptonville, Cal.; Miss G. F. B., Roxbury, Mass.; E. M., Norwood, Mass.; C. T. M., S. Framingham, Mass.; N. G. M., Milton, Mass.; N. K., Lenox, Mass.; Mrs. A. D., W. Lynn, Mass.; M. C. M., W. Roxbury, Mass.; S. M. F., Louis, Cass Co., Ia.; Sr.—, Providence, R. I.; A. F. C., Belair, Md.; C. P., Lynn, Mass.; R. N., Hazel Green, Wis.; C. A. B., Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. Friend, Sausalito, Cal.; G. W. J., Hull, Mass.; J. F. B., Boston, Mass.; J. B. K., Northampton, Mass.; H. F., Phila., Pa.; N. S., Dorchester, Mass.; Mrs. A. M. T., Ashbury Park, N. J.; C. F. W., Phila., Pa.; Mrs. K. D., Cazenovia, N. Y.; H. A. S., Boston, Mass.; J. B., Boston, Mass.; F. A. C., Centerville, Mass.; L. A. H., St. Francis, Wis.; Friend, Brockton, Mass.; Friend, Somerville, Mass.; J. C. D., Halifax, N. S.; C. B., Edgewood, R. I.; H. M. D., W. Newton, Mass.; A. M. W., New York City; C. G., Carleton, Mich.; M. E. R., Charlestown, Mass.; Mrs. M. M. C., Brookline, Mass.; B. E. G., Scranton, Pa.; E. A. I., Riverpoint, R. I.; M. B. H., Stonington, Ct.; E. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. J. C., Grand Rapids, Mich.; A. G. Sydney, N. S.; Mrs. H., Westfield, Mass.; M. K., Boston, Mass.; M. H., Westfield, Mass.; F. J. C., Centerville, Mass.; M. E. C., Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. N., Providence, R. I.; M. K., Hazel Green, Wis.

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Twenty-five Dollars.

S. P. F., Boston, Mass.; J. F. B., Boston, Mass.; Rev. Friend, New York City.

Forty Dollars.

Friend, Dedham, Mass.

Sixty Dollars.

S. P. F., New York.

Three Hundred Dollars.

Rev. Friend, Rochester, N. Y.



Please pray for the souls of:

Rev. J. McKenna	Patrick Moran
Rev. P. Skelly	Bridget Crossin
Abbot Geudens	Mark Cummings
Sr. Gabriel	Mrs. J. Lamb
Sr. M. J. Hickey	Mrs. Kilman
Thomas Ford	Annie O'Malley
Robert Hartnett	Mrs. A. Hartnett
Julia Bliss	Anna Hartnett
Mary Meaney	Sarah Hartnett
Catherine O'Brien	Mary Hartnett
Nellie Donahue	Catherine Hartnett
John Donahue	Mary O'Neil
Ellen Sampson	John Brady
Ellen McLaughlin	Ellen Brady
Mr. Carey	John McLaughlin
Mr. Lee	Michael McLaughlin
Cornelius Donahue	Bridget Hogan
John Horrigan	John Conway
Margaret Lewis	Alice Fox
Katherine Moran	Sarah O'Neill
Edmund Moran	Alice O'Neill
John Moran	Mary Maguire
James Moran	Martin Connolly
Thomas Moran	Nellie Downey
Frederick Moran	Patrick Downey

Prizes for Compositions on the Subject of Missions to the Heathen.

100 copies of A MODERN MARTYR,

the new life of Bl. Theophane Vénard,

100 copies of AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY,

the new life of Fr. Judge, S. J., Apostle of Alaska,

100 copies of FIELD AFAR STORIES, our latest publication.

We offer any one of these attractive volumes for class compositions written under the following conditions and embracing the points specified.

CONDITIONS:—

1. The compositions must be written by at least ten pupils in a class.
2. The director of the class will decide on the merits of the several papers and will forward the best to Maryknoll, with the name and address of the writer.
3. The class may be that of a parochial school, academy, or college, or it may be connected with some society or circle.

POINTS TO BE INCLUDED IN THE COMPOSITIONS:—

- ¶ The will of Jesus Christ in regard to the heathen.
- ¶ Advantages of heathen missions to ourselves and to the Church at home.
- ¶ Why American missionaries are especially needed in the Far East.
- ¶ Best means of stimulating interest among English-speaking Catholics, now while workers are few.
- ¶ Ways of helping heathen missions.

We will pay the postage on the book. This offer is good until Feb. 1, 1914.

The Apostate's Return.

BY MARY J. ROGERS, A. B.

THE procession of the Serpent was over. For hours the streets had been thronged with eager, restless people, jostling,



"The bonzes reaped a rich harvest from the pious souls who made the pilgrimage"

pushing, screeching, howling. The air was filled with powder from the bombs exploded continuously to honor the huge serpent-idol which had been drawn on a golden chariot through the country-sides.

Father O'Sullivan, heart-sick at the sight of it all, walked along the narrow streets, fast being deserted, towards the open road that leads to Mt. Omi, on whose heights the devout Chinese believe the glory of Buddha is revealed to the pure, who die of happiness in beholding it. He passed many on their way to the sacred mount, laden with joss-sticks and with the yellow bags of the pilgrim slung over their shoulders.

Occasionally he met light-hearted children laughing and romping by the roadside, or beggars ready to claim a pilgrim's alms. But, contrary to his usual custom, Father O'Sullivan was indifferent to the wayfarers and

to the beauty of the country about him—to the gently sloping, red-soiled hills, feathered with bamboo, and to the higher summits fringed with firs. His eyes were strained like those of the pilgrims to Omi.

To reach that height took years, often a lifetime, spent in almsgiving, fasting and penance, either in the temples erected along the mountain side or in lowly hermitages. The bonzes reaped a rich harvest from the pious souls who made the pilgrimage. "If men," thought the priest, "can love and toil and suffer to behold the glory of Buddha on Omi, to what ends would they not go for Christ on Calvary?"

Why were the people of his own land so selfishly blind to the possibilities of the Church in China and to the missionaries' needs? He felt his loneliness, his impotence.

Six months before, Father O'Sullivan had been sent, from the centre of the vicariate to open a mission in this mountain region and he had settled in one of the more populous villages. His only companion was Michael Woo, aged twelve,—a bright little fellow brought up from infancy in the mission orphanage,—and his small hands and willing feet had considerably lightened Father O'Sullivan's burdens.

The mission was full of promise. In a short time the young priest's strong, gentle soul had brought under its loving care, many of the neighboring children, whom he taught daily. He had visited the sick and the poor, and for a time the older men had dropped in to have an evening chat. Lately, however, these visits had ceased and he was puzzled. Moreover, up to the present there had not been even a request for instruction, much less a conversion. The priest's zealous soul was filled with impatience as he turned into the little patch of ground in front of the mission cottage. Suddenly he became aware that all was in disorder—

rocks strewn about, his garden trampled down, and the little flowering bush he had watched from day to day, pulled up by its roots.

"What's this, Michael?" he called sharply. A pale, frightened face peered through the doorway, and in a second the little man-of-all-work was sobbing in the priest's arms. "Hurry! We must run! They will kill us!" was his greeting, and it was with difficulty that Father O'Sullivan learned what had happened.

Early in the afternoon a crowd of children had come mocking and jeering at the Christian priest, and doing what damage their small hands could. When they had gone, Fen-Wa, 'the hopeful' whom Father O'Sullivan and Michael had already decided should one day be baptized James, had stolen in. He said that men were coming in the evening to burn the house, and then he, too, had run away.

The poor priest was utterly bewildered, but he scorned flight. "It's the devil, Michael boy," he said, "and you and I, with God's help, will fight him. You are a brave little chap. Let's have supper first. We may need all our strength." And the small Michael grew an inch at the thought.

The simple meal of rice and tea over, the two went again to the garden, and in the fast-falling twilight waited for they knew not what. The priest's hand held the boy's close and he told him stories of martyrs and heroes till the child was quite ready for anything that might happen. Yet his heart quaked when his straining ears heard voices and his bright eyes saw approaching lights.

The gathering was formidable enough, but Father O'Sullivan advanced graciously to meet the spokesman, who said, "You have desecrated this region sacred to Buddha. We were warned a few weeks ago that we must not let you stay. Yesterday the chief's son became ill. Buddha has

spoken. Go or die. To-morrow we cleanse this place with fire and offer sacrifice to him."

The faces into which the priest looked were not unkind or cruel. Rather were they those of men acting under an obedience that did not accord with their own will. He answered them simply, "If teaching your children and caring for your sick is sacrilege, then have I done you wrong. Your own hearts will judge you. Go back and think this over before you bring upon yourselves and your children the wrath of the One True God."

There was no discussion. The Chinese are discreet.

Scarcely had they left when the little "James-to-be" crept noiselessly upon them.

He told Father O'Sullivan that three weeks before a special messenger from Omi had come down to tell the villagers that the anger of the great god was aroused because they were harboring among them a Christian priest; that the stranger was even now living with the chief; that it was rumored that he had once been a Christian and hence knew how untiringly the priests worked against Buddha and all the gods. "My people have grown to love you," the boy continued, "and to keep you here and to ward off the wrath of Buddha from themselves, they have given him offerings of coin and food till they have nothing more to spare. Yesterday the chief's son was taken sick and the stranger says he will die unless you are sent away. Even he does not want you to be put to death."

With sudden determination Father O'Sullivan left the two boys and strode off, bent upon seeing the chief and finding out, if possible, who his enemy was.

A short walk brought him to the house. He stood before it for a moment, praying that God's grace might fall on those within. Then he knocked fearlessly at the great, carved door. A servant led him to the chief, whom

he found lounging on a couch, covered with richly embroidered robes. The gleam of welcome that for a moment lighted the dark eyes, was immediately masked behind the cold, austere attitude he assumed towards the priest. But Father O'Sullivan was unmindful of it. Conscious of another presence in the room, he had turned to make his salutation—and then he stood motionless, his eyes riveted on the face of the mysterious stranger. A low sigh of anguish escaped him as he recognized the man before him, and he cried out, "David, my son, my son!"

The man rose defiant, but the angry words on his lips died before the reproachful, sorrowing face of the priest,—the guilty head bent, and he fell on his knees, sobbing like a child. Then he snatched the fat purse from his belt and threw it to the chief, exclaiming, "Give it all back. I have lied. Go tell the village so!"

The astonished chief asked for an explanation and listened wonderingly to the old, sad story of one of Adam's sons.

"David" had been taken as an orphan, reared, loved and trained to great usefulness by the Catholic missionaries. Father O'Sullivan had cherished him as a son, and all had looked forward to the splendid work they felt sure he would do for the souls of his countrymen.

Four years ago he had left the mission house to make his way in the world. For a time he had written regularly and then nothing was heard from him. And here he was, the enemy of the Church he had loved and of all he had held most dear.

The circumstances that had made him an apostate were briefly given by David.

Away from the influence of priests and Christians, flattered by all for his personal comeliness and talents, he had fallen away gradually, but oh, how far! To soothe his conscience he had taken active part in every attempt to harass the Christians, and having heard that a mission was being started here, and being in need of money, he had resorted to this means of enriching himself and injuring the Church.



"Father O'Sullivan was indifferent to the beauty of the country about him."

But repentance now came quickly and surely. The chief, deeply impressed by all he saw and heard, knelt too when the priest gave his blessing to the poor creature so humbled before him.

The next morning when the avenging procession halted before the missionary's cottage, they were met by the chief and David, who publicly made confession of his wilful deception and trickery. The bright faces of all showed how welcome the glad tidings were, and there was rejoicing throughout the village.

So does God's grace work. David became a catechist, and his untiring labors in the service of Father O'Sullivan were instrumental in reaping the wonderful harvest of souls that followed his conversion. And the first to receive the saving waters of baptism was the little "James," whose heart had remained steadfast through the darkness of those weary hours when all had seemed lost.

Maryknoll,

Feast of St. Teresa, 1913.

* *

At the Lodge.

OUR October issue was a little late in reaching some of our readers. It was not, of course, the editor's fault, but was due in large measure to transportation service. In smaller measure, the trouble came from the fact that while our circulation is increasing, the Teresians, who form our clerical force, have not added to their numbers, as they hope to be able to do very soon when some new rooms are finished.

We may also whisper it, that the Teresians on the feast of their patron, declared, one and all, that they would not handle a FIELD AFAR or a letter on that blessed day.

The Superior of the Seminary learned that, for a change, they meant what they said, when the next morning, at his accustomed hour, he went to the office for

the usual sally of questions and return bombardment.

The office was empty, pens were horizontal, and machines covered. The stillness was awful and all he could hear was the purring of a one-eyed kitten. He tiptoed out, looked suspiciously at the door-knob, and made his way, for lack of definite purpose at the moment, to the chicken-yard, which had, the day before, been moved some three hundred feet away.

We have by actual count, one hundred and sixty-five members of the Poultry Circle. (Five roosters have since been sacrificed.) But there was not one in sight. All had been carefully locked in the hen-house, pending the erection of a wire-fence.

We have not yet had the coincidence explained, but the Teresians and our poultry seemed to have hit on the same idea for the celebration of the feast of St. Teresa.

There was bustle enough, however, as we learned afterwards, in another part of the Lodge, and at the feast day banquet St. Teresa appeared at the plate of each of her clients in the form of

Our Rates for Quantities.

PRIESTS and Sisters have kindly suggested the idea of spreading this paper among children and in sodalities.

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Or a circle of your friends?

Or that Society to which you belong?

An offering of fifty dollars applied to our general needs, insures a subscription to this paper with no bother about yearly payments. It also secures continuous participation in the spiritual advantages of this growing work.

a doll, *Carmelutely* dressed, and beaming with joy.



THE CHAPEL AT ST. TERESA'S LODGE.

LADY BOUNTIFUL has come and gone again. This time she fixed her keen eyes on St. Teresa's Lodge and every crack seemed to leave its impression.

She almost made the man who has to pay the bills feel that he had been guilty of cruelty to the faithful Teresians. At any rate, he did not see his way clear to refuse her generous offer of providing all that was needed to make the Lodge habitable.

God bless this Lady Bountiful, who looks upon it as a great privilege to help out a Foreign Mission Seminary in the struggles of its beginnings!

The world has some others like her, but among our friends who have been blessed with an abundance, we have so far found none to equal and few to approach her generosity.

The Teresians of Maryknoll.

WE have been established now more than a year and have said very little to our readers about an interesting organization connected with our work—that one whose members belong to the 'devout female sex.' Here, then, are the facts, made public in writing for the first time.

When the organizers of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society returned from Europe with permission from Rome to start their undertaking, they received requests from several earnest Catholic women, who asked the privilege of devoting their lives to the Cause. These women did not know one another at the time.

THE FIELD AFAR had already been in existence for nearly five years, and required clerical help. There would be literary work, circulars to send out, and book-keeping, typewriting, etc., to be done. Thus the proposition was a welcome one.

Three of five were free to give their services at once; two others would have to wait.

So the first three met in New York on New Year's Day, 1912, and entered on a retreat at the Cenacle Convent, Riverside Drive. On the Feast of the Epiphany they set out, like the three Wise Men from the East, and, unlike the Magi, arrived in Hawthorne.

There, during several trying months, they lived in a little cottage hired for them, using as an office two rooms of a house across fields that were by turns mud and deep snow. Their great consolation was the Dominican Chapel near-by, for the Seminary (sic) was a good mile away.

As summer approached, the little group was obliged to leave their cottage, but another was found for them. Their second home was not far from the Cancer Hospital of Mother Alphonsa Lathrop (the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne), who proved a warm friend.



MARYKNOLL DUCKS ON PARADE
(Two families have arrived since this photo was taken.)

By this time other recruits had arrived, including two of the original applicants, and when the final move was made to our own home at Maryknoll, Ossining, the little group of three had increased to six. All were from Massachusetts, but a rosy-cheeked daughter of Erin came up one day from Brooklyn and broke the spell. She was followed by a Benjamine from Philadelphia, and applications are now coming from other points of the compass.

All these helpers are at Mary-

knoll except one, who is in charge of our new office at Scranton, next door to the Vénard Apostolic School, where she is rendering valuable service to the Reverend Director and his students.

A large, old-fashioned house on our grounds, several hundred feet from the Seminary proper, serves as a home for these faithful women. It is known as St. Teresa's Lodge.

We have referred occasionally to the women themselves as the Maries of Maryknoll, since most



MEN D I N G A C H I C K .
(An occasional occupation of our Teresians.)

of them happen to be named after Our Blessed Mother. They are, however, being organized also under the protection of St. Teresa, who by her prayers and writings, won countless souls, even among the heathen, to Christ. Hence we are beginning to call them the *Teresians*.

They number nine now—as does the choir of angels—and while not yet able to fly, they can make rapid motions with such useful articles as pencils, pens, typewriters, multigraphs and addressing machines, brooms, dust-pans, flat-irons, dishes, etc., etc. The latter part of this enumeration suggests 'trouble in the camp,' but our Teresians are a peaceful lot and their uniform, a quiet gray, relieved only with white collars and wristbands, expresses the disposition they are striving valiantly to cultivate.

Their labors, as may be partly judged by the preceding paragraph, include literary, clerical and household occupations, and among the nine are two graduates of widely-known American colleges, one a former instructor at Smith College, the other an honor student with an A.B. degree from Wellesley College.

Life for the Teresians is smooth, at least exteriorly. There are not many violent disturbances at Maryknoll, for the world—and not a considerable portion of it, at that—passes safely by in automobile or on farm wagon.

This does not mean, of course, that Maryknoll is Heaven anticipated. No place on earth is such and doubtless every Teresian, like other people, has her hours, if not occasional days, of trial, real or imaginary. But there are numberless consolations that mean much for the Catholic woman. Above all, the roof that shelters these Teresians shelters Jesus in one of His thousands of Tabernacles. The little chapel has been and is pretty bare, but the Lord of the Universe occupies it.

Then there are the daily exercises, meditation, Mass, noon-day



T H E S E M I N A R Y C O W S
(We milk more than our readers.)

recollection, spiritual reading, Rosary and prayers in common, all at the Lodge; and at the Seminary, Holy Hour and Stations of the Cross every week, with High Mass and Vespers on Sundays and feasts.

The grounds are spacious, and walks outside are taken occasionally on recreation days. Visitors to the Lodge include almost all the visitors to the Seminary, and among these have been several noted prelates and priests. The

beloved Cardinal Farley has written his name in the guest-book, and it was His Eminence who suggested the present uniform. It is also through his paternal interest that the Blessed Sacrament dwells in the chapel.

Some day the Teresians will multiply so that Maryknoll cannot hold them, and then we shall send some out over the country to establish branches of our work from here to the Pacific Coast. Will that day be soon?



I N S A I N T T E R E S A ' S G A R D E N .
(When the south wind blows.)

Our Activities.

FATHER PRICE has been active in Brooklyn during the past month and as a result our subscription list has been climbing.

He has visited the following churches:

St. Stephen's, Rev. J. G. Fitzgerald, Pastor.

Immaculate Heart of Mary, Rev. M. J. Tierney, Pastor.

Epiphany, Rev. E. A. Duffy, Pastor.

Father Price has been kindly received by all the priests and a welcome has been extended to him even where heavy financial obligations were resting on the pastor's shoulders.

He has also visited the convents connected with parish schools, addressing the Sisters and in several instances the school children.

In one parish, that of the Rev. E. A. Duffy, D.D., he found the mission spirit in full swing under the direction of Dr. Duffy himself.

Every week this 'propaganda pastor' addresses his young flock on some subject connected with missions, home or foreign. He is in personal correspondence with some of our apostles to the heathen and receives from them interesting letters that are read to the children.

The latter bring their mission pennies regularly and these far-off correspondents share with our own Seminary and other mission works, the result of the gatherings.

Vocations will never be wanting where such a spirit is so generously and persistently cultivated.

Another idea which Fr. Price is carrying out in his mission tour is that of securing in each convent the appointment by the Superior of a Mission-Sister, upon whom will centre activities bearing on the subject of missions. This plan has already been put into effect in several convents of New Jersey and Brooklyn.

At the Vénard.

OUR Apostolic School at Scranton is wrapt in its hive.

It took some time to get the kitchen occupied, but we hope that the door has now been bolted from the back-yard and that one kind of trouble is over—for the season.

The students are busy as bees, going out daily to their feeding grounds—we refer, of course, to the flowers of knowledge—and returning to the hive before dusk. And it is a hive without a drone, we are thankful to say.

The Reverend Director has received many marks of generous interest from priests and people, who have followed the kind example of Bishop Hoban.

Some of our priest-friends, a noted Redemptorist missionary among them, have peeked in at 638 Clay Avenue to see the hive and have been impressed by the silent activities they witnessed.

* *

That List of Wants.

THE list of wants which we gracelessly published in our October issue was evidently taken for a joke column, to be forgotten as soon as read. It included:

A couple of simply designed house-clocks.

A desk or two for our much abused professors.

Some plain dishes.

A phonograph or an upright piano to keep our students quiet in their recreation hours.

A telescope for the Astronomy class.

A field-glass to find out where we live.

Several chapel furnishings which will be enumerated if requested.

* *

THOSE of our readers who are interested in mission handiwork will find an opportunity of helping the Cause and of making a selection for Christmas gifts at the Lawrence Building, Boston, Mass., Room 321.

Among the pieces for sale are attractive embroidered pillow-covers, linen covers, laces, etc.

Notes and Comment.

MILL HILL added nineteen to its alumni a few weeks ago. Ten of these are destined for the flourishing mission of Uganda.

* *

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

We heard from it again recently, and the letter was further proof that THE FIELD AFAR is making friends there.

* *

SEVERAL of our new prayer prints have, printed on the back, indulgenced prayers, which, while helping the missions, can be applied to the souls in Purgatory.

* *

AN enthusiastic "Holy Name" man has quite naturally conceived the desire to help us spread the missionary spirit—"that the Name of Jesus may be more widely known and loved."

Through this man's generosity we have sent sixty copies of THE FIELD AFAR to the Reverend Directors of ten branches of the Holy Name Society, selected for us at the national centre of this important work.

* *

BOSTON has been extended since our October issue. The forces marshalled by the ever-active Church Extension Society, under the able direction of Dr. Kelley, have come and gone, and the Catholic Church of the United States is the better for the missionary impulse it has received.

We were represented by Fr. Price, whose missionary career in the difficult field of North Carolina covered a quarter of a century of unceasing toil and travel.

* *

AMONG our visitors of the past month was the Right Reverend Wm. A. Jones, Bishop of Porto Rico. We were glad to see him and the students enjoyed, with their superiors, the treat of an interesting talk on the missionary spirit in general and on Porto Rico in particular.

Occasional glimpses of Protestant reports on the conversion (sic) of Porto Rico had whetted our appetite for a little first-hand knowledge on this subject, and we learned a few facts which may be thus summarized.

Native Porto Ricans who act as guides and interpreters are (not unlike the species elsewhere) somewhat too anxious to please their patrons by telling what they think will be welcome, whether it happens to be truth or falsehood.

These same guides have a remarkable intuition in the vital matter of 'sizing up' a stranger.

Thus it came about that when the guides and interpreters had finished with our Protestant friends who came to evangelize Porto Rico, the American mission magazines secured some copy that was interesting, acceptable and apparently true.

Money poured out from the States to the forlorn Island and more churches were erected by Protestants in a few years than had been built in the previous four centuries. More than this, the people attended these churches, for the Porto Rican likes to see what is going on and is somewhat fond of novelties.

There was, however, a trait in the Porto Rican which was not discovered until later.

Even if he fails to attend Mass or receive the Sacraments, this baptized child of the tropics does not like the idea of a stranger's coming in and attacking his Mother Church.

The new teachers did not realize the existence of this characteristic until they woke up to the fact that their congregations were diminishing very rapidly, so rapidly, indeed, that not a native was left in some of their churches.

Bishop Jones is an American, whose home is in New York State. He is a keen observer, who has won the respect of all classes in Porto Rico.

A PHYSICIAN called recently at Maryknoll to ask what opportunity there might be on the foreign missions for a Catholic in his profession. The same question has been asked before by American physicians, not often, we may add, because comparatively few Catholic laymen in any of the professions are acquainted with the mission activities of the Church in heathen lands.

As this subject becomes less unfamiliar, however, the question will be more frequently repeated. We noticed it, in fact, only a few weeks ago in one of our exchanges, *The Sunday Visitor*, a paper which, we learn, has a very large circulation in the Middle West.

The physician in question—and asking the question—inquired first whether there are at the present time any European or American physicians engaged in Catholic medical mission work.

We know of one, an English woman, who has been trying, in spite of scant help and other difficulties, to work among the Zenanas of India, where women only are allowed to enter.

There may be others, and in this event we shall probably learn of them through some of several hundred missionaries who will read these lines—bishops and priests in Eastern Asia, India, Oceania, and Africa.

Is there a place in our mission fields for an active Catholic physician, highly recommended, who is willing to give some and probably all of the years of his life, to this Cause so dear to the heart of Jesus the Christ? We seek an answer from the field and hope later to present it to our readers.

In the meantime, if any physician who sees the lines, is interested in the questions they contain, we shall welcome a communication from him.

There are not a few observant friends of ours, missionaries—and Europeans, too—who believe that Catholic America will, in this twentieth century, rise to the



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